DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Published every week.
$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1882. NUMBER 48.

POETRY

The Master's Questions.

Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them,
He had nowhere to lay his head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole"?
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the "Golden Land"?

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death;
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door
And flitted across the shadows,
That I had been there before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear me whispering beside you,
"'Tis the pathway I often go!"
My disciples, my brethren, my friends,
Can ye dare to follow me?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be?

STORY TELLER.

A Night in New Orleans.

There were two of us chatting and smoking cigarets at the corner of Canal and St. Charles streets in that quaint and strange old city, New Orleans—a city of never-ending charms and of queer phases of life and mysteries without number; a miniature Paris, with its Bijou theaters in the French quarter, where the play is in French, and the English language is a foreign tongue, and where the men wear their hats and the ladies sip absinthe and puff dainty rings of cigaret smoke from pretty mouths.

"Well, where shall we go to-night?" Morlin asked me.

"Grand Opera House," I suggested.

"What—arn't you tired of Januaschek's diamond yet?

"Well, say the varieties."

"There is nothing there but the frescoing in the lobby."

"Academy?"

"Bah!"

We smoked away in silence, and finally decided to see Mlle. Mathilde at Lee Petit Francaise theater, on Charters street.

"If Golson is in the crowd, we'll appreciate him. Aha! there he is now. Golson, come hither!" cried Morlan.

A number of young men had crossed Canal Street, and were passing up St. Charles toward Common, others continuing their way along Canal to Baronne. A handsome, small, delicate student emerged from the crowd. He had hands as small and white as a woman's, long, black hair, a pale thoughtful face, and large, calm, expressive eyes. I was introduced to him, and he grasped my hand warmly and firmly.

"Have you anything to do to-night, Golson?" asked Morian.

"Any thing to do? Oh, yes, some infernal thesis, I believe; but hang the thesis—and by George! the dissection, too. Where are you going?"

"To the French theatre."

"What, the abstinthe and the headache? Come with me to the college. My little girl will do the tight rope from the roof, and I'll introduce you," urged Golson.

We turned up St. Charles Street to Common down Common to Baronne and the college. Crowds were beginning to gather at this point. We threaded our way thro' the throng that pressed against the railing around the college yard, and entered a small door at the side. We climbed four flights of dark, dismal stairs, and tumbled at the turnings. We felt our way along the hall prevaded by a stifling blackness and a musty smell, from the dissecting rooms. The light from the street below streamed meagerly thro' a window, and showed us a dim outline of a perpendicular ladder near the extremity of the hall. We climbed and crawled through a hole in the ceiling. Here the darkness was intense. We found another ladder close at hand, and by feeling for the rounds gained the top and emerged on a steep roof.

We looked around. New Orleans lay at our feet in all the glory of a starry night. On the south, we could trace the river winding in a crescent form around the city, and reflecting the colored lights from the shipping. Away to the northeast could be seen the dark, flat surface of the lake. To the southeast lay the French quarter, with its tall, old fashioned houses and its narrow streets. To the westward upper town stretched its wealth and grandeur over a large area. Under our feet was the glare from Canal, St. Charles, Camp, Cammon, Baronne, Carondelet, and Tchoupitous street.

A parapet about twelve inches high was all that could have preserved us from the morgue, if the foot had slipped an inch, or the treacherous slats had broken. Three persons were standing in the gutter against the parapet. Of these, two were rough looking men; the third was a woman in tights and short skirts, covered with spangles and stars and gold lace. The men were engaged with certain pulleys and cords in drawing to a greater tension the wire cable that stretched from the parapet of the college to the building opposite The woman was standing in the shade of the parapet, and looking down abstractly upon the thousands of human beinge who packed the street, and whose upturned faces, so expressive of anticipation, she seemed to be studying attentively.

"Already here, Zoe?" asked Golson, in his soft, smooth voice.

The woman started and turned quickly toward him, an expression of intense happiness lighting up her face.

"I was looking for you below," she said. "I was afraid, but I am strong now. You don't think I will fall, do you?"

"Certainly not. You are very foolish to ask such a question."

He introduced us as his friends, and she greeted us pleasantly. She had rather an agreeable face, tho' we could not see distinctly, the only light being that of the stars and the faint glow of the lamps and torches below. In any event she had a pleasant voice, and that was sufficient. A shawl was thrown over her bare shoulders and arms, but she shivered in the night air.

"I was thinking Goldy," she said, and a more decided shivering shook her delicate frame; "I wonder what they would think, and how they would feel down there."

"Nonsense, little Zoe!"

She laughed softly and put her arm thro' Golson's, and looked up into his face with a touching tenderness and reliance. She again scanned the crowd.

"Well, but suppose I should. Do you think they'd care? Or would they say I was a little fool and it served me right?"

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing whatever," and she laughed again musically. "I was simply thinking. I remember that a long time ago, when I was a child, and my father was letting me stand on his head while he rode two horses backward around the ring—and I was terribly frightened once when the horses became wild with fear or something—I don't remember what—and he caught me strong and close in his arms as I was falling, and kissed my lips, my cheeks, and eyes, and forehead, and held me in his arms for quite a while, and called me his dear, precious baby. What was I going to tell you? Oh, yes; about the man who fell from the tight rope. That was terrible! One end of the rope was passed over the roof of a house and carried down the side, and made fast to a wooden block underneath.

"It had so happened that the lock had rotted off next the ground,' and there was no weight upon it whatever. Well, anyhow, they tied the rope to the block, and the professor was half way across the street when he began to give an exhibition of jumping. Suddenly we saw that the rope was giving way. The jerking had pulled the block up from under the house, and was dragging it up the side. The professor turned quite pale, and stood and waited. He came down slowly with the rope. It seemed as if it never would stop slipping over the roof like a long, ugly snake. It soon became slack, and it was of course much harder to balance on it; but he never lost his presence of mind, and stood perfectly calm and straight. When the block had nearly reached the roof—it was a two story house—the rope slipped off, and I heard the block drop to the ground. I hid my face and crouched down against a wall and then I heard him strike the ground like something dead. Oh, it was so horrible!' She peered around into the darkness and shuddered. "Poor fellow! he fell flat on face. It was the cruelest thing that ever happened."

She sighed, and still gazed abstractedly at the people above.

"Did it kill him?"

"No, not quite, but he was delirious for several weeks. When they picked him up blood gushed from his nose, his eyes and his ears, and a bloody froth came from his mouth. I was a little child then, and I dreamed of him again last night for the first time in a great while. I thought I went to pick him up, and could feel his broken bones grating against each other, and his bloodshot eyes stared wide and cold at me."

"You are not well to-night, Zoe," said the man of science, examining her pulse attentively. He became thoughtful. "I don't think you ought to risk it," said he.

Oh, I am not afraid, now you are here," she said in her charming way. "I think you had better wait."

"Now don't get naughty. I must go. I want to go. Why, there's two hundred dollars in that crowd, anyhow. My manager would be crazy if I do not walk. Besides, I contracted to do one street walk every two weeks in addition to the lofty centerpole act every day. Why, I've done the lofty five hundred times and never lost my head, and why is there danger now?"

"But it is more difficult to sees the rope at night," he persisted.

"I never look at my feet when I walk."

"You are feverish and nervous."

"It will make me all the more careful."

"Well, walk then," said Golson, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Now, Goldy, don't look that way."

He became cheerful and beaming in a moment. The manager appeared on the opposite roof and signaled the girl to proceed. The attendants at both ends examined the fastenings of the rope to see that they were properly secured. They produced trays in which to burn colored fires, and heaped lumps of the combustible material upon the parapet. Zoe mounted the parapet with an elastic step, and threw kisses at the shouting crowd below as the red fires brought out her frail form. She looked very charming and pretty, standing smiling in the intense glare of the light.

"Give me the pole," she demanded smilingly of Golson, holding out a small, pretty hand and dimpled arm.

He picked up the cumbersome balancing pole, and placed it in her hands. She found the center, shook hands with Golson, threw kisses at the crowd, and stepped firmly upon the rope. She soon found a safe pose, took a few steps and halted. She glanced back at the attendants, and anxiously regarded the pile of fire.

"You are burning it too fast," she said. "Good-by, Goldy," and she picked her way over the narrow bridge that spanned the yawning chasm beneath. She was graceful, and walked with considerable ease apparently, stopping occasionally to shift the pole and steady herself.

"She is walking slowly and shaky to-night," said one of the men.

"Is she not walking as well as usual," asked Golson, hurriedly, as he looked at her steadily. His glance never left her a moment.

"No; she can beat that, I think she is in the sulks."

Golson paid no attention to this insult, and watched her with fascinated gaze. His face was somewhat paler than usual, in spite of the red glare. He did not move a single muscle. Zoe had passed the middle of the street—the most dangerous place—and continued her walk toward the other end. She toiled up the incline, the rope depressing under her tiny, nimble feet, and at last she jumped safe and sound upon the opposite roof.

A tremendous, deafening shout arose from the mob, and the plucky girl threw a bunch of kisses at Golson. The color had returned to his face with unusual intensity, and the look of anxiety had passed. His chest was broader and his eyes brighter. He simply smiled at Zoe, and did not even applaud her performances.

The shouting below continued. The men made no preparation to remove the rope, but Golson started for the ladder.

"Hold on: she's coming back," said one of the attendants.

Golson stopped as if he had been shot "thro' the brain. The hard, anxious look returned, and the deadly pallor came back.

"I did not know," he said, calmly and resignedly.

He resumed his old position, and watched the girl with intense interest—with a gaze in which were concentrated his soul and heart, and strength and mind—a look in which was expressed the profoundest feeling of a strong nature.

Zoe rested a moment, and again stepped upon the rope. She had proceeded about ten feet, when some one of the men remarked:

"She's scared."

Golson noticed it, we all saw it. Her teeth were so tightly compressed that in the dazzling light we could see the ridges in her cheek. Her nostrils were expanded. Her breathing was short, and a tremor appeared her in hands and knees. Instead of her usual erect carriage, there was a perceptible leaning forward.

When she had made but a dozen steps she stopped and appeared in doubt, she then apparently made an effort to walk backward, but was evidently afraid to undertake it. She stopped again, mustered her courage, threw a quick glance at Golson, and recommenced her dangerous journey. The rope trembled and swayed under her feet, and in this way caught a swinging motion that tries the nerve of the most experienced balancers.

When she had reached the middle it was impossible to proceed. She might have crossed safely, but the fire on the other side was exhausted. She had walked more slowly than usual, the fire was consumed too soon, and she could not see the rope distinctly enough. She stood still for several seconds. The light behind her continued to burn, but it was of no assistance to her, and immediately afterward it was also exhausted.

We could distinctly see the poor, frightened girl by the light from below, but her face was obscure. The crowd sent up hisses and groans. The rope-walker attempted to take another step; she succeeded; she tried a second and failed. Her foot suddenly slipped, but she was active and alert, and caught upon her knee. Her fright increased, and in the terrible excitement of the moment she dropped the pole. It struck the rope, balanced a moment, and slipped off upon the crowd. There was a great scattering and the crowd realized that the young girl was falling. Every sound was hushed.

The poor child steadied herself wildly and instinctively amoment with her arms as she knelt upon the rope, and then fell.

Golson's appearance was painful and pitiable to see. Great cords stood out upon his face, which was overspread by an agony of ghastly pallor. His muscles swelled with ridges and knobs, and his hands assumed the appearance of an eagle's claws. He gazed at the rope where the girl had stood a moment ago. She had caught by the right hand, and hung suspended over the cobbles. In another moment she grasped the rope with the other and hung perfectly quiet.

Golson waited but a few seconds, when he saw that fright had taken the strength from her arms, so that she could not climb upon the rope. He dashed off his hat, and grasped the rope with both hands, and threw one leg across it. He crawled along carefully, that the shaking might not cause the girl to lose her hold. The crowd watched him in silence. The rope swung lower under the double weight, and the fastenings creaked and groaned.

"Hold tight, my child," we could hear him say to the fainting girl. "Hold on, for God's sake, and I will save you."

She raised her head and looked at him for a moment, and then dropped it again between her arms. He approached her slowly and painfully, for he was a stranger to the situation, and was afraid of shaking her off. At length he reached her. He whispered something to her. He allowed his right knee to remain across the rope, and threw his right hand around underneath to secure a firm hold, and passed his left arm around the girl's waist. The strength of six men was in the supple limbs and clean cut muscles. He drew her toward him. She released her hold, her head dropped, and then she fainted.

"Pay out at the college end!" he shouted.

His feet were in that direction. It required four of us to let it out. It slipped over the parapet slowly, and the suspended pair began to be lowered.

"Pay it!" he shouted again.

We let it go more rapidly, and he and his swooning charge were against the building across the street. He let himself slide gradually down until he reached the sidewalk, where he was met by the manager. The latter took the girl to his home.

The crowd gathered around him with wild shouts, but he slipped away, and met us at the door of the college.

"Where is that scoundrel who said she was sulking?" he demanded.

We pointed him out.

Golson walked up to him, explained his business and gave him a stinging blow across the face and sent him reeling into the gutter.

I met the dear old fellow on Carondelet street the other day, and his wife was with him, charming and pretty as ever. She laughingly remarked that she liked to see the circus as much as ever, but that she always felt a horror for rope walking. I almost believe that her dimples are as pretty as on the night she threw kisses to a great crowd in the street.—*San Francisco Call.*

The Secret of Good Manners.

The secret of good manners is to forget one's own self altogether. The people of really fine breeding are the ones who never think of themselves, but only of the pleasure they can give to others. No adornment of beauty, or learning, or accomplishment, goes so far in its power to attract as the one gift of sympathy.

In all French history no woman had a stronger fascination for whoever came within her reach than Madam Recamier. She was called beautiful: but her portraits proved that her beauty was not to be compared with that of many less charming women. And even when every attraction of person had long passed away, and she was an old, old woman, her sway over the hearts of others was as powerful as ever. What has her secret?

It was this one thing—her genuine and unaffected interest in the good and ill fortunes of her friends. Authors came to her and read her their books; painters came to her with their pictures; statesmen with their projects. She was sweet, simply and unconsciously, as a rose is sweet. She really cared for the happiness and success of others, and they felt the genuineness of her sympathy. It surrounded her with immortal charm.

Let any girl try Madam Recamier's experiment. Let her go into society thinking nothing of the admiration she may win; but everything of the happiness she can confer. It matters little whether her face is beautiful, or her toilette costly. Before the end of three months she will be a happy girl herself; for the world likes sunshine and sympathy, and turns to them as the flowers bask in the sun of June.

Trades' Departments.

There is a mistaken idea entertained by some people as to the object of institutions, and the expense necessary to their maintenance. Many persons suppose that the workshops connected with the institutions should be if not *profitable*, at least self-sustaining, and that those which are *not*, should be abolished. This is an unjust expectation and untenable position. Is it possible for any one to suppose that the State is engaged in traffic of collecting the unfortunate of its domains into an institution for the purpose of adding to its treasury? It may have the right thus to manipulate the services of its convicts, but certainly of one, and more especially at its natural unfortunates.

And yet some are ready to protest against the continuance of an industrial department because it is not remunerative or because it is attended by some expense. We believe in economical management, and it is creditable to an institution to be able by such management to make any of its departments paying, where it does so without detriment to the interests of those for whose benefit it should be conducted; but it would be criminally wrong to deprive the pupils of such training as would enable them to become self-supporting and independent citizens because it had to be done at some expense to the State. This would take away from them the very advantages they are supposed to possess at these schools. It was never intended that institutions should be directly remunerative to the State; but it was intended they should be profitable but in a quite different way. It was plain to be seen that many of these classes, unless educated in some trade or profession by which they might be able to support themselves, would become a charge upon the State; and to arrest this expense, these investments were made. This was the design as viewed from a pecuniary stand-point; but there was a design from a philanthropic principle, and that is to lessen the sufferings and to add to the facilities for enjoyment of these afflicted classes, and he who begrudges the appropriations necessary to the accomplishment of these aims, must be void of sympathy for the infirmities of his fellow men, and without regard for the workings of divine Providence.

—*Goodson Gazette.*

Learn a Trade, and Become Familiar with the Soil.

The attempt, I trust, is about to be abandoned to educate human beings through the brain alone. The hand, the wonderful human hand, will perhaps soon resume its part in education. It is only by discipline and by labor that the world can be conquered. The military cadet has an exceptional advantage in being able to learn his trade and get his knowledge at the same time. Three years ago I visited Cornell, and was told that nothing was more successful than the machine-shops. At Elton, one of the most aristocratic of the English public schools, the students, the year before last, made a five horse-power steam-engine which is used in their shops for turning their lathes. All the elder boys have their separate forges.

The education which leaves the hand undextrous and the arm puny is not culture, but degeneracy. Let us not forget that the men who have made America have all been educated by head and by hand, and the men who have misled America have been educated otherwise. Washington used four trades, three of which he knew thoroughly. Jefferson knew three or four trades. Franklin, besides being an excellent printer, was a jack-of-all-trades, and, contrary to the proverb, very good at several of them. Look through the history of one hundred men who have become illustrious, and you will find that the majority of them have had their heads knocked against something hard in their early days. Dickens working in the blacking shop is an example. I have in my mind's eye a glorious university, completely organized and equipped to afford an education such as the future man will be given. It looks not at all like Oxford or Cambridge, or even like Harvard. It looks more like a factory village situated in the midst of a finely cultivated farm of 1,000 acres, with beautiful gardens and parks, the whole the center of a thriving industry such as our factory villages might be, must be, shall and are just going to be, for man will not long be the submissive vassal that he is now.

This university of mine shall have a chime of bells, which, at six A.M. summons 2,000 men to rise and cast off sloth, and put on working men's clothes and prepare for labor. At seven they are in their different shops, workers in wood, in metals, in leather, in stone, in hemp, in cotton, in flax, in wool. For three hours they labor, being held to a strict account for the use or abuse of tools, material, and time. In summer a portion of each day is spent by all upon the land, so that all may have insight, some practical knowledge of farming, of horses, of cattle, of the dairy, the garden, the orchard. At ten, all this is over, except in harvest-time or other periods of pressure. The chimes now send these workmen to their rooms, where they remove the dress and the garments of manual labor, and come out to class, and remain all day university students.—*From a Lecture by James Parton.*

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

St. Louis, Mo.,	Dec.	3d.
Kansas City, Mo.,	"	4th.
Fulton, Mo.,	"	5th.
Louisiana, Mo.,	"	6th.
Springfield, Ill.,	"	7th.
Danville, Ill.,	"	8th.
Chicago, Ill.,	"	10th.
Canton, O.,	"	14th.
Cincinnati, O., (Lecture)	"	16th.
" "	"	17th.
Hillsboro, O.,	"	18th.
Dayton, O.,	"	19th.
Youngstown, O.,	"	20th.
Cleveland, O.,	"	24th.

What To Do In Case Of Accident.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these rules for action in case of accident. It would not be a bad thing to cut them out and carry them in one's pocket-book, or, better yet, commit them to memory:

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below.

If choked, get upon all fours and cough.

For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish.

Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil, and increase danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath and then stoop low; but if carbonic gas is suspected, walk erect.

Suck poisoned wounds, unless your mouth is sore; enlarge the wound, or better cut out the part without delay; hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, and by warm water and mustard.

For acid poisons give alkalies; for alkaline poisons give acid; white of an egg is good in both cases; in case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee, and keep moving.

If in the water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting.

For apoplexy, rise the head and body; for fainting, lie flat.

A Girl's Race With a Street Car.

A buxom German girl hailed a street car at Fifth street and Avenue A about 11 o'clock on Saturday night. It was so crowded that she hesitated about getting on. The conductor told her to hurry, saying he couldn't afford to wait all night.

"You needn't wait," said the girl, "I can got by der Grand street verry pefore you got dar."

The car started off, and the girl returned to the side walk, where she broke into a lively run. Her progress was unimpeded by light shoes, or other fashionable attire. She ran with freedom and grace that won the applause and admiration of all on the car. Young men on the rear platform shouted encouragingly to her, and waved their hats. People on the sidewalk stared at her in wonder.

The car stopped at Second street to let a woman out. The girl also stopped in the interest of fair play. She started again when the car did, keeping up the same pace. She bounded through Houston street like a trained pedestrian, receiving applause all along the route. When the car turned into Grand street she was still even with it. The young men on the rear platform shouted to her to keep it up, and the passengers inside put their heads out of the windows to see her. She passed the Grand street terminus of the route thirty feet ahead of the car, and disappeared through the ferry gate laughing merrily.—*New York Sun.*

In society, one must talk about some thing, and a little nonsense some times answers a good purpose. If you read newspapers, magazines and some new books, you will not lack for subjects of conversation. Personal gossip of an innocent nature, that which does not involve scandal or wounded feelings, is, equally with the current events of the day, a legitimate subject of conversation. Moreover, it is always safe. While you may be well read ,yourself and acquainted with the current news of the day, all persons that you may be thrown in contact with may not be as well informed. To dwell on the topics with which you are familiar at the expense of others is not polite or kind. At the same time, duty or politeness do not require such complete self-sacrifice as to demand that you shall devote yourself to the ignorant and uninformed. Talk about their politics or their dress is utterly absurd. A passing recognition and a few words adapted to their range of culture and thought, are all that a well-bred person is required to give to such persons.

An exchange wants to know: "What are our young men coming to?" Coming to see our girls, of course.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1882.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, - - - - $1.50
Clubs of ten, - - - - 1.25
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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

PUBLICATION day falling on Thanksgiving Day, we publish the JOURNAL twenty-four hours earlier this week.

On this day, set apart for public observance, we have much cause to offer thanks to the Great Giver for peace and plenteousness, and though some of us have felt the chastening hand, yet we know that all apparent evil is really for our good, and that our Father doeth all things well.

Let us be thankful for the increased educational facilities afforded to the deaf and dumb, let us be thankful that the standard of deaf-mute intelligence is in general much higher, let us be thankful that the efforts of deaf-mutes to do well are appreciated, and that fewer cases of injustice to them have been recorded than during former years, let us be thankful that, day by day, our class is becoming more capable and earnest in the performance of their daily duties, that they are claiming the respect and good will of the intelligent public, not from sympathy for their misfortune, but from admiration for the qualities that have enabled them to rise above it.

APPARENTLY, J. M. T. Davis, the notorious alphabet card peddler is making the deaf-mutes of Massachusetts and Connecticut quiet uncomfortable. Complaints from two or three places have been received. He is now in company with three women. The women do the work of peddling, and he pockets the proceeds. One young deaf-mute girl, who had been working in a paper-box factory in Springfield, Mass., has been enticed from her work, and now forms one of the little company that is making a living by preying upon the public, and selling alphabet cards at about twenty times their value. We do not know if there is a law against peddling without a license in the New England States, but think that any mute resident could find out whether or not such a law exists, and if so, could hand these mutes over to the police for violating it. While Davis is making merry with disreputable companions, his wife, whom he married a few years ago in Cincinnati, is sueing for a divorce from him. If the deaf-mutes want to prevent him from pursuing his avocation in any quarter, let them consult a magistrate as soon as he appears, and they will be advised how to act. Meanwhile, we hope all deaf-mutes who read this will be on their guard against any one who may try to tempt them to leave their occupations and engage in selling alphabet cards. Any employment that will insure a comfortable livelihood, is to be preferred to a business that will bring upon them the scorn and detestation of all respectable deaf-mutes.

THE deaf-mute Guild of New York City held another meeting on Tuesday last. A few additional members were enrolled, and all those who had paid their initiation fee formally signed the Constitution. There was little else done that would be deemed worthy of recording. No case of destitution has yet presented itself, and it is well for the organization that such is the case; for had any one needed assistance, there would have arisen a great deal of technical procedure that might make it necessary for the suppliant to live on hope for the remainder of the winter. We think that more latitude should be granted the executive officer in the way of management, as it is impossible for him to infringe upon the rights of members in carrying out the legitimate purposes of the Guild, since it is by votes of members alone that relief is granted.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. H. C. Rider was in New York for a couple of days last week.

Miss Mollie A. Linn lives with her cousin in New Corydon, Ind. She is deaf and dumb.

Mr. M. J. Penfield, of Portland, is going to be married to Miss Rosa E. Sage, of Middletown, Ct., next December.

Miss Bertha Mayer, of Evansville, is visiting friends in Rockport, Ind. She will remain there six weeks or seven weeks.

David S. Eis has been husking corn for Wm. West, in New Corydon, Ind. He and his sister visited their parents in Marion, Ind. His parents will move to Columbus, O., soon.

Mr. Cheeseman, who graduated from the New York school ten years ago, was in Providence on a visit to his brother, and called on Mr. and Mrs. Fischer before he left for New York State.

Robert D. Livingstone, did not visit his aged father while passing through New Hampshire, although he had not see him for four years. His father is 84 years old, and much affected by his son's negligence.

D. H. Brophy, of Higganum, Ct., will attend the New York Levee. He says he is acquainted with Drum-Major Hill, who will furnish the music on the occasion. He will go to Norwich on December 1st, to meet Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

On Sunday forenoon, the 26th of November, Rev. Job Turner conducted a joint service in Christ Church, Brandy, Culpeper Co., Va., with the rector, a very promising minister, whom he used to know as a boy in Staunton, Va.

Aaron Witmyer of Lancaster, Pa., is going to the New York Levee on the 27th of December next, and afterwards will attend the Philadelphia Levee on the 28th. He is working at Mr. Philip Letzetter's wheel-factory. He is a celebrated deaf-mute wheelwright, and reports that business is very brisk.

The Tillotson rhetorical lyceum propose to debate the subject as to whether the education of the colored deaf-mutes will be a benefit to the State, on Friday evening, November 24th. Short addresses are expected from Elder Grant, Hons. W. H. Holland, J. J. Hamilton and others. The public are invited to attend.—*Austin (Tex) Citizen, Nov.* 11.

On Saturday, November 25th, Finley Laird, Samuel Davidson, Collins S. Sawhill and George Reading will go hunting around Wall's Station, six miles east of Braddock, Pa. They expect a good time there. Finley Laird just bought Evans' sporting rifle, with 26 shots. It can shoot 1200 yards. It is known to people of Braddock and Bugler, Pa., that Finley is a dead shot.

Rev. Mann was in New Albany Ind., on the 13th inst., holding service in St. Paul's Church for the deaf-mutes; and also baptized Mr. Wm. Reighart. Mrs. Reighart entertained Rev. Mr. Mann, and the Misses Alice Peters and Maggie E. Felis and Ed. Herr, from 3 o'clock P.M to Church time on that day. The meeting was a good one, for the Southern mutes have not the privilege of meeting Rev. Mr. Mann often.

Anna Alexander Houston, infant daughte (five months old) of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston, of Frankford, Philadelphia, was baptized by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday evening, the 19th inst. Mr. Henry S. Stevenson, a semi-mute, acted as godfather, and Mrs. Buckley, a sister of Mrs. W. Houston, as godmother. The child was very quiet during the ceremony.

Ten mutes congregated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kinsman in Providence, R. I., last Saturday evening, to organize a society. Messrs. Kinsman, Lester, Steere, Dolan, Jackson and J. F. Donnelly, made a few remarks on the necessity of harmony, etc. Messrs. Kinsman, Steere and Lester were appointed Committee to frame a constitution and by-laws and also to secure a room. It was voted that no agent can be employed to collect money for their society. The mutes will pay the expenses out of their own pockets. Another meeting will be held next week.

Rev. Job Turner will be detained in Virginia by very important business till after his church services in Washington City, January 7th. He will avail himself of the detention to officiate with Dr. Gallaudet in New York, December 24th; Rev Mr. Syle, in Philadelphia, December 31st; and Rev. Dr Elliott, in Washington City, January 7th, 1883, and then go South again. He will be found at the New York Levee December 27th, and also at the Philadelphia Levee, December 28th. He expects to have service in Lexington, Ky., December 3d; Louisville, Ky, December 10th.

Some time ago, some young speaking ladies, noticing a deaf and dumb man at one of the Railroad Crossing at Willimantic, Conn., thought to have a little sport, and gathered around him for that purpose. The mute was sufficient for them, and pulling a banana from his pocket, he proceeded to flourish it as if it was a revolver, when the young ladies left without asking to be excused. They were still more frightened when the mute, who can make some guttural sound, exerted himself to the utmost, and gave them a specimen of his dumb eloquence. Those girls won't be likely to fool with a deaf and dumb chap again very soon.

The Chirological Lyceum, of Philadelphia, seems to be quite a prosperous young organization. It nows numbers twenty deaf-mute members, embracing the following names, viz: President Lipsett, Vice-President Wilson, Secretary Lewis, Treasurer Sharrar, Rev. Mr. Syle, Messrs. Oakes, Hewitt, Houston, Bruthi, Stubbs, Breen, Robb, Turner, Hahn, Higgins, McKinney, Sands, Ropp, Shepherd and Ziegler. It is hoped that many other mutes will be encouraged to join this Lyceum, which is so well conducted. They would perhaps find it beneficial in the way of their mental improvements, also find it to help refine their manners, and to aid in cultivating their social dispositions. The next election of officers will take place in January next.

A GIRL KIDNAPPED.

GALVESTON, Texas, Nov. 21.—A special despatch from Austin to the *News* says that a daughter of Colonel J. S. Ford, Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, was kidnapped, bound and carried as far as the bridge over the Colorado River, where her abductors left her, and she was found and brought back to the city. Detectives are on the track of the kidnappers.—*New York Evening Telegram, Nov.* 21.

I. Lewis Hall is the only deaf-mute in Sandy Hill, N. Y.

"Mrs. Whittaker's Deaf Ear" was published in the JOURNAL of September 28th, 1882.

Mr. W. Reily, a recent Fanwood graduate, joined the C. L. U. on Wednesday last.

Messrs. Shelton and Pach had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Langtry at Wallack's, Saturday last.

Messrs. O'Brien, Donnelly, Donohue and others, are busy with the management of the C. L. U. ball.

Julius F. Lang recently made a trip to Tarrytown. He visited the Institution, and was conducted all around the farm by Mr. Philip Ruger.

Mr. C. W. Carraway, a former student of the National Deaf-Mute College, will soon be married to a young lady living in Mississippi. His friends wish him joy.

I am appy to be able to do my friend George, of Millersburg, the favor he requested of me. Mr. A. L. Manning's address is No. 1023 Sarah St., Phila.—*Jas. S. Reider.*

A certain Harlem mute lady, informs a JOURNAL reporter that she will be the belle of the Levee. Her elegant costume, now being made, combined with a pretty face, certainly looks that way.

J. H. Winslow, a deaf-mute of North Stockholm, has forwarded a hen's egg measuring 7½ inches in circumference the largest way, and labaled Democratic egg. It was dropped Nov. 7th, just before the Democratic Rooster crowed.—*St. Lawrence (N. Y.) Herald.*

One of the most popular, and at the same time, prosperous associations in New York City is the Catholic Literary Union. Their free debates, lectures, etc., are well attended, and all mutes should attend their first reception in Clarendon Hall, on January 24th, next.—*Cor.*

Wm. A. Watts writes us: "I returned home from a visit in the Empire City last Thursday, after my sojourn of three weeks in Brooklyn, Boston, Norwich, Newburgh, Jersey City and Philadelphia. I visited Fairmount Park. I shall attend the Philadelphia affair, if circumstances will not prevent me from going away again."

Harry White writes:—"The item referring to Wm. Acheson was sent as an ordinary piece of news, among a batch of other items, upon good authority. However, as Mr. Tillinghast denies having personally employed him, I don't presume to doubt his veracity, but it seems very singular that, considering his well-known connection with the Fall River Society, he should have allowed the society to employ such a man. He probably left the task to other inferior tools."

Mrs. Maggie Williams, of Hoosac Falls, N. Y., died on November 8th, and was buried in the family lot of her husband. Just before she expired, she spelled on her fingers to her friends, "Ready to go to heaven." She was a christian, and member of the Episcopal Church. She graduated at the New York Institution in 1873. Her maiden name was Maggie McKeough, and she was born in Champlain, Clinton Co., N. Y. She was thirty years old at the time of her death.

J. M. T. Davis and his wife, *nee* Delia Rezzani, formerly of Springfield, Mass., and then of New York City, and Miss Sarah Nellie Hawley, and another woman who gave her name as Mrs. Mary Brown, and who is also a mute. (it supposed that her real name is Mrs. Mary Morse). where in Hartford, Ct., canvassing alphabet-cards recently. Miss Hawley has left her position in the paper box shop in Springfield, Mass., and accompanied them, much to the regret of her old friends.

Last Saturday, Mrs. Totten, formerly a matron of the New York Institution, went to the American Institute Fair. She wanted to claim everything she saw there, but her means would not allow. If some body could succeed in going there, he would have found her standing for hours by the place where the chickens were being hatched by artificial heat. She thinks that the chickens were the sweetest creatures in the world as they were seen running about with their bright eyes in spite of the want of their mothers' care.

Mr. William Willard was not only the founder of the Institute for Deaf and Dumb at Indianapolis, Indiana, but also a teacher a erwards for a number of years, and being now one of the oldest residents of that city. He is a gentleman well known to many readers of the JOURNAL, and they will be pleased to learn that he is rapidly recovering after a severe and dangerous illness of over three months, and that it is expected by Dr. Comingore, his attending physician, that he will be able to ride out within the next few days, —that was November 19th. His remarkable restoration, after so severe and protracted an ill-at his age, is certainly due to skillful medical treatment and the careful nursing of his daughter, Mrs. Cynthia Gliff, who has been constant in her attention at her father's bed-side for the past three months. He is now 73 years old, and he may yet live to see 83.—*Cor.*

Died.

MILLIMAN—At Hoosac Falls, N. Y., on Wednesday, November 8th, Mrs. Maggie Milliman, aged thirty years.

WESCOTT—Suddenly, on Monday, November 20th, Mrs. E. Wescott, mother of Mrs. John Benedict, of Oneida, N. Y., at the age of 84 years. The remains were brought to Oneida, N. Y. Services were held at the residence of Mrs. Erasmus Stone, niece of the deceased, on Wednesday, November 22d. The remains were interred at Oneida Castle, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT OF THE CHIROLOGICAL LYCEUM—REMARKS OF PRESIDENT LIPSETT—A COMPETITIVE DEBATE.

Our Lyceum gave another interesting literary entertainment for the third time, in the elegant parlor of the Y. M. C. A., 15th and Chestnut Sts., on Wednesday evening, Nov. 22.

It was well attended, though not as largely as had been expected. There was a pretty good sprinkling of ladies.

At about half past eight, President Lipsett arose, called the meeting to order, and began to present his remarks.

He first expressed his delight at our attendance, and considered it a kind favor; then stated the object in coming together under one roof that night, after which he briefly dwelt upon the history of the Lyceum, calling attention to the fact that it is one year and seven months old.

Then he related the object of the Lyceum, which is to practise in reading, speaking, declaiming, writing essays, debating and didactic reading, with the view to promote the intellectual welfare of its members.

He regretted that its meetings, have been very poorly attended since September—very different from the previous term; complained of having less encouragement and less interest manifested on the part of the members, and said he felt it his duty to inform them of it. It was said very indirectly and with apparent reluctance; and he hoped those whom it concerned, would take the hint into consideration, for better, not worse.

In other things, he said there are two societies here for promoting the mental welfare of deaf-mutes—namely, the Clerc Literary Association, the older, and the new, progressing Lyceum. He deemed the latter as indispensable towards success in oratory or freedom in expressing one's thought, considering the former has too few practices.

This is substantially true, and the the question, "Why does not the Clerc Literary Association have more literary exercises?" has long haunted the minds of others as well as your scribe's, who was once told that it was because several, if not most, of the members (at that time) were married, and consequently could not show as much interest as is required by them. But this was too ridiculous to be believed, and the question remains yet to be answered. It is true that both societies deserve success, for what the one does not have, the other has.

Before concluding, he, very conscientiously, criticised and denied the statement made by one Philadelphian, that the members practiced *in expressing themselves before a small audience, as a preparation for facing the larger assemblages of the C. L. A.*, saying that such was not prescribed as an object in the constitution, and, therefore, without authority.

Besides, nearly all the members of the Lyceum hold membership to the C. L. A., and probably, over half of the C. L. A., to the Lyceum.

Well, maybe our more intelligent friends may not think it proper for the President of a society to make complaints at an entertainment (where the object is to entertain) and criticise the above; but when such turns out as the only and best opportunity offered him, and his remarks are of an essential character, we honestly believe that Mr. Lipsett merely performed his duty, and frankly too, for he would not conceal the real state of the Lyceum, and deceive his audience by untruthful, exaggerated comments, etc.

When the President finished his remarks, Mr. Jos. A. Roop was called upon to recite "Mrs. Whittaker's Deaf Ear," which he so ably did, that he was greeted with applause on terminating. It was interesting and entertaining all through.

After this came the competitive debate between the Lyceum and the Clerc Literary Association, which involved a great deal of interest, on the well known subject, "Resolved, That the influence of the Pulpit is more powerful than that of the Press." The affirmative side was supported by Messrs. A. L. Manning and Wm R. Cullingworth, of the C. L. A; and the negative, by Messrs. Wm. McKinney and John R. Lewis, of the Lyceum.

The discussion was an animated one; it gradually grew hotter, so that when the last named debater appeared it reached its acme. Both sides were so equally balanced that when the judges, consisting of Messrs. Reider, Roop and Barker, (the absence of Mr. Syle having necessitated the appointment of the latter) retired to form a verdict, no lateral decision could be arrived at, and hence the result was declared to be a tie. The applause which followed this was observable all over the room, though, however some who had dreamed too largely (?) for the Press, took it by surprise.

Following this important feature, was the humorous reading by Mr. Washington Houston. It comprised two pieces delivered humorously, and the gentleman seemed to be naturally humorous himself.

Mr. Stubbs was to have read poetry preceding the foregoing, but not being present, it had to be dispensed with.

A dialogue between Messrs. Jos. A. Turner and Jos. Bruthi completed the programme, and the meeting was immediately dismissed.

LITTLE REP.

Mute Peddlers.

WATERBURY, CT., Nov. 21, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR:—

SIR:—I write a letter to you concerning J. M. Davis, the ex-convict for murder, who is a low character, and a great disgrace to the deaf-mute community. He made an unwelcome appearance in this town last week, and had three persons with him. One of them is his wife, as he told me.

The others are May Brown and Nellie Hawley. They are all persons of the same character. I am going to tell you how we found out. The ex-convict employs the girls to peddle cards containing single and double hand-alphabets for ten cents each. Brown came in and peddled the cards around the shop, where Chas. R. Baldwin, a mute, and I are working. She seemed to be puzzled when she found that we were mutes. We asked her why she did not get employment in a factory, and were told that her parents are dead, leaving her homeless, and she could not get employment, so she has to peddle the cards in order to make a living. She told us that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet told her to do so. [Dr. Gallaudet never advises deaf-mutes to peddle.—ED.]

The next morning I went to see the ex-convict at a hotel, where he and his pals stopped. We told him that the mutes of Waterbury did not allow any mutes to peddle such cards around here. He told me that we had no business to interfere with his business, and also told me that if we wanted to put him out of the way, we could hand him over to the police. I was puzzled, and began to think that there might be something right in his business. He told me that he would stay until the next day. I told him that I would see him in the evening. He said that he would be happy to explain something about his business if I would call and see him. I went there the night in question, but I missed him. I was informed that they went down to Bridgeport in the afternoon. I admit that he outwitted me. He may laugh at my poor wits, but I will fix him if he comes here again. During the interview with him in the morning, he told me about you. He said that you was a mean fool to excite mutes against peddling. Concerning the girl's character, I heard that they were put out of several factories by force. At one of the factories, Brown was pushed down the stairs by a foreman, and she was so enraged that she was going to strike him, while the ex-convict was helping her, but they were outwhipped.

I forgot to say how we found out that she was not alone. She said nothing about her friends. Chas. R Baldwin piloted her out of the shop, and there found three named persons waiting for Brown. He also learned where they stopped. I leave this to your best judgment what you will do about it.

Two months ago, a mute named James Walters, was arrested for drunkenness. He wanted to plead guilty to the charge of intoxication. He was discharged. He looked like a tramp, on account of his shabby appearance.

There is going to be a party at Charlie Saxe's residence on the 25th of December. I don't think that there will be a good-sized attendance, for most of the mutes will go to attend the Levee on the 27th.

WATERBURYAN.

Surprise Party.

On the evening of Oct. 30th, Mr. Hardy P. Chapman, of Salem, Mass., was taken by surprise by a party of mute friends, who assembled at his home and presented him with a handsome mahogany Morris chair. Mrs. Southwick went quite early in the evening and was invited up stairs by Mrs. Chapman, as usual. She kept herself busy chatting and telling interesting stories, so that Mr. C. should not have any suspicion of what was going on below. During this time the company was waited upon by other members of the family, and after all had arrived, word was sent up that Mr. Packard was below and wished to see Mr. C. He immediately went down stairs, followed by his wife, and Mrs. S., who were anxious to see the effects of the surprise. On entering the room he found his friends standing in a semi-circle around the room concealing the chair, which was behind them. After shaking hands all around, the chair was drawn to the centre of the room and a neat speech made by Mr. Southwick. Mr. C. responded in a few appropriate words, thanking them for their gift, saying that it would be not only useful but very ornamental. The party passed an enjoyable evening, and after partaking of some nice refreshments left for their homes. Among those present were Mr. and Mr. S. F. Southwick, Mr. and Mrs. John Butler, Mr. and Mrs. William Bailey, Messrs. H. A. Chapman, S. S. Cross, J. Strout, Wm Buxton, H. W. Packard, Mrs. Geo. Homer. Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh, Messrs. J. P. Burbank, Geo. W. Hodgkins, Wm. Chisholm, I. N. Soper, J. Wilkinson Moses Heyman, S. W. McClelland, W. O. Fitzgerald, J. C. Baker, A. F. Osgood, J. T. Tillinghast, S. F. Wheeler, G. L. Miller, J. Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. John Trask, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Cutter, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Howe, Miss Alice. L. Houghton and Mrs. Ira Poland, had also contributed something to the present, but were prevented from being at the gathering. The estimated value of the chair is $33.

Here and There.

The writer regrets that he will not be at the Philadelphia Levee. The distance, 430 miles, is too far.

Deaf-mutes, who want to attend religious services, can come to Youngstown, O. Rev. A. W. Mann, assisted by Mr. Maxwell, Rector of St. John's Church, will hold a service for deaf-mutes on December 20th, at half-past seven o'clock in the evening.

The parents and brothers of "Vivian" will take a trip into the country, and fill their lungs with Wheatland air.

Mr. Terence Feine has not been in Jamestown, Pa., for a good while. It is not generally known where he is at present, but it is reported that he is engaged on a Warren County hacienda.

If "Imperator" will take a ride into the heart of Mercer County, Pa., on Thanksgiving Day, we will entertain him kindly.

Miss Eva A Jack, of Kilgore, Pa., has been rusticating in the country.

Four or five deaf-mute typos are employed in different parts of Western Pennsylvania.

VIVIAN.

11-18-'82.

DETROIT.

MICHIGAN AND HOME NOTES.

PERSONALS.

Repeated attempts had been made to organize a club, or society among the mutes here, but owing to a combination of blunders, in each case the projects fell through, and it seemed a settled thing that all further attempts in this direction would end in failure. This scheme was taken up again, however, and has met with fair success so far. A party of determined mutes convened at Jos. Kolhoff's home on the 21st, and resolved that a club, with harmony and unity as its motto, was a necessity. Everybody having tackled their brains, and propounded every conceivable question anent the club, registered and proceeded to business. The election of officers was the first object, and the following is the result: President, Ed. S. Van Damme; Treasurer, Jos. Kolhoff; Secretary, N. A. Doetsch. The rules and regulations of the club were next passed, and are such that none but gentlemen can appreciate. The name of the club was next suggested, and a disagreement resulted, though "Starlight" nearly took them off their base. Other matters were passed through quietly until it was nearly time for adjournment, when all engaged in a quiet talk, and concluded with three cheers for the club.

The club heartily invites all lecturers when stopping in Detroit, to come and give them a lecture.

The club now has ten members, with prospects of new recruits following in.

The next meeting will be held at Marcus H. Kerr's home.

Wednesday, of each week, was decided upon as the regular meeting days of the club.

On the 19th inst., William A. Thayer, Miss Cora Burt and Mr. and Mrs. Ranspach's child, were baptized by Rev. A. W. Mann.

George E. Morton felt that he had climbed to the highest pinnacle of earthly fame, when the daily papers of this city announced that he had his overcoat stolen. Now he can afford to smile, as he recovered it, though without the aid of the police. The overcoat slipped from his grasp while in a festive barber's studio, and he had a close shave, too.

While Mrs. Marcus H. Kerr, Mrs. John Grimm and Miss Cora Burt were strolling around town one day, Mrs. G. found a dime, and was glorying on her luck, when a moment afterwards Mrs. K. found a $5 gold piece. She was envied, of course.

George Melnotte Grummond, who had been on the Louisville *Muscotte*, and latter on some paper at Chicago, returned to Detroit recently, and now works on the *Daily Times*. He is going to be married, as he says, to a wealthy Windsor, Ont., lady, pretty soon.

Mr. Geo. H. Pond, formerly of the *Mirror*, now editor and proprietor of of the Cairo *Advertiser*, was in the city on the 18th.

John Johnson, who said he was going to Reed City for a few weeks, has not returned yet, though two months have passed already. When he left, he borrowed Jos. Kolhoff's valise, and now Joe's boots are aching for a plant in the seat of his pantaloons.

Ed. L. Van Damme, '82, Washington College, has gone to a business college with penmanship as his aim.

Mr. Fred Gottwerth now boards at Mrs. John Grimm's.

Albert Granou quit printing, and now helps his father at cigar making.

It is supposed that Mr. John Smith, formerly of New York City, now works in a shoe-shop, three miles east of Detroit.

Dundan, the mute pitcher, has signed with the Bay City's for next year. Where is Ryn?

Governor-elect Josiah W. Begole (democrat) is a warm friend of the Flint Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tracy, of Flint, had a narrow escape from a horrible death last October. They were awakened just in time to escape down the stairs of their boarding house, which was on fire.

A mute party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Borden, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Innis, all of Jackson; Mr. and Mrs. Pierson, of near Jackson; Mr. Levi Murray and sister, and Mrs. Poppendick, of Albion, were invited to reduce Mr. and Mrs. Bennett's poultry. They had a grand time, of course. We were forgotten.

Dr. F. W. Hawk, our mute dentist, was recently treated to a roast duck in a mysterious manner, by "a forgotten friend."

Mr. Ed. Van Avery expects to learn photography pretty soon.

Any mute with base ball ability, wanting to locate in Detroit, will be royally received. We want a first class pitcher, so we can thrash the youngsters of the Flint Institute next summer.

Sidney H. Howard called on us again on the 25th ult. From him we learned that Miss Bertha Roberts, aged twelve, died of Diphtheria at the Flint School on the 18th ult. He also said that all the sick were on the road to recovery. The total of cases and deaths to date, are: Measles, 48; diptheria, 8; deaths, 5. Sidney expects to be in Detroit again in about two weeks.

William Ellison, of Iowa, Mich., who graduated from the Flint Institution some eighteen years ago, was in town on the 25th ult. He seems to be a well-to-do farmer, and has four children. His wife died last May, soon after giving birth to twins.

Under the head of "Death Seeks a Shining Mark," the following of a worthy lady appeared in the *Evening News*, of this city:

"Miss Mamie E. Wright, daughter of P. M. Wright, of this city, died on Wednesday, at Huntsville, Ala., where she went a few weeks ago. Her body will be brought here. She was formerly a teacher in the Deaf-Mute Institution, at Flint, and was a most estimable lady."

The *Mirror* speaks in high praise of Miss Wright.

DOT AND DOT & Co.

IOWA INSTITUTION.

Thanksgiving Day is approaching.

Three of the boys of the Academic Class bought, recently, a pair of Indian Clubs. They are practicing in gymnastics, and the other boys seem much interested in them.

A few weeks ago, Mrs. Rogers entertained the Congregational sociable here, and invited the pupils of the Academic Class and the first and second classes. Some of the teachers and pupils acted the "Bride of Death." The pupils formed the acquaintance of many of the city people, pencil and paper being the means of communication. It was an enjoyable affair.

Miss Maggie Pollock, who had been for four years a teacher here, accepted an appointment as a teacher in the Nebraska Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. D. W. Dermid, now a new teacher of this Institution, came recently from the Canada Inst. He is familiar with the sign-language, as he has long been a teacher of deaf-mutes. We now have sixteen teachers.

Mr. Edwin Southwick, for some twenty-two years a teacher here, was telegraphed to about his father, who died at his home in Albany two weeks ago.

Last Friday night, some of us were awakened by the night watchman, and got up to see the northern lights or "Aurora Borealis." It was very beautiful.

Two weeks ago, some of us reorganized the debating society. It is called the "Sicard Debating Society," the same as last year. Last Saturday evening the subject of debate was, *Resolved*, "That people are happier now than they were in ancient times." The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Mr. W. W. Winter, supervisor for the boys last year, was appointed foreman of the carpenter shop, but his health was poor and he could not oversee the work any more. He was obliged to quit, and then went to California for the purpose of recovering his health. He says he is improving slowly.

Some of us are making arrangements for a tableau on Thanksgiving day.

Some of us are learning to ride on the bicycle, which belongs to Mr. J. Schuyler Long.

I would write the news of the Institution to you every other week, but I have had no time, having been busy. I will try to write you every two weeks hereafter. W.

GREATEST ATTRACTION OF THE SEASON

SECOND

GRAND LEVEE

OF THE

Manhattan Literary Association,

AT

LYRIC HALL,

ENTRANCE, 723 6TH AVENUE,

BET. 41ST & 42D STREETS,

NEW YORK CITY.

Wednesday Evening, December 27th, 1882.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

The Levee will be the grandest affair known in our community.

The Manhattan Literary Association has gone to great expense to make it highly attractive and enjoyable to its guests, and to sufficiently repay those coming from out of the city.

For the entertainment of hearing friends, a first class band—Drum-Major Geo. W. Hill's Orchestra, of the Ninth Regiment—has been engaged.

With a programme to suit every body, we are confident that none will regret having attended. Come one! Come all!!

Tickets admitting gentleman and ladies $1.

Tickets can be had of the Committee, and at the JOURNAL office.

THEO. A. FROEHLICH, *Chairman.*
S. M. BROWN,
JOHN HOGAN. } *Committee.*

COLUMBUS.

Annual Report.

THANKSGIVING PREPARATIONS.

THIS AND THAT.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The yearly recurring theme—"the fat turkey"—furnishes the ruling topic for the week; it is an ever-looming-up subject in the school-room, and the all-absorbing interest of our institution world. For its five hundred people, there have been purchased eighty-one dressed turkeys, which, however, are by no means an attractive array. Oh, no, not yet—keep the curtain still down, and in the meanwhile do the next best thing—read the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL When everything is ready, up rolls the curtain (the doors open), and it is not for the pen but yourselves to do ample justice to the occasion of Thanksgiving Day.

Third Monday evening, Nov. 20th, was a second meeting of the teachers for the month held in the Library room. Acting-Supt. Talbott presided with every member present, except one, who is absent east. After the reading of the minutes of last meeting by the Secretary, which were duly approved, the committee presented their report, and the following resolutions on the resignation of Superintendent Perry were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Impaired health compelled the resignation of Mr C. S. Perry from the superintendency of this Institution and necessitated his removal to a more salubrious climate; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we have lost an able and efficient officer, and the profession one of its most valuable members.

Resolved, That Mr. Perry, by his kind and gentle disposition, has endeared himself to us, and we cherish for him the hope that the rest and retirement of private life, by restoring him to health and vigor, may, at no distant day, return him to the profession, either here or in some other field of labor.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Perry, that they be printed in the next issue of the *Vis-a-Vis*, and also preserved in the records of these meetings.

C. B. REED,
CASSIE SMITH,
C. N. HASKINS, } *Committee.*

The postponed subject, "Teachers' Meeting," then claimed attention. The question took a turn, and the discussion warmed up on the advisibility of making at present any change in the method of holding these meetings; in short it was for or against the immediate adoption of the plan embodied in Miss Camp's paper of two weeks ago. The gladiators in the arena of running debate, which lasted in all perhaps twenty minutes, were Misses Camp and Reed, and Messrs. Patterson, Atwood and J. M. Park. Mr. Atwood moved a vote be taken, and being seconded, the chair rose, and before putting the question, said as for himself it was a matter of indifference, he would leave it to the teachers themselves to settle it. The vote showed the following results. For a change, 6 (six), Against, 8 (eight). Refrained from voting, 10 (ten), Absent, 1 (one). The chair then declared the question lost, and that things are to continue in the old way.

Other miscellaneous matters discussed, and selection of a subject, "Recitation," to come up two weeks hence, the meeting adjourned to first Monday in December next.

The Ohio *State Journal*, of November 22d, gives an account of the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, from which we take the following:—

"The Trustees of the Institute for Deaf and Dumb held their annual meeting at the Institution last evening, there being present, Messrs. Moss, of Sandusky; Jones, of Waverly, and Sessions. The monthly accounts were looked over and approved, and the recent appointment of two teachers was confirmed.

"The principal part of the evening was consumed in hearing the report of the Acting-Superintendent read, and discussed the same. The suggestions made were ratified by the Board. It includes the substance of the Steward, Physician and other reports, hence a pretty good idea of the same is given here. It has been placed in the hands of the President, Mr. Moss, and will form a part of the report which will be prepared for submission to the Governor. The successful and economic manner in which the affairs of the Institution have been conducted is a matter of congratulation, and is a high compliment, not only to the Board, but to the present officials in charge.

"Acting-Superintendent Talbot, who has been at the head of the Institution for only about one month, having succeeded to Superintendent Charles Perry, found among his first duties to be the preparation of the fifty-fifth annual report, in which is set forth a record of the year's work, the condition of the Institution and its more pressing needs. He says: The Institution has successfully pursued for another year its benevolent work of bringing light into minds that would otherwise have been left in darkness; of developing in these minds a love of knowledge and of providing that mental furnishing which will fit them for the practical duties of life, as well as instilling good principles, quickening and strengthening good moral purposes, and helping to form good characters in those committed to its charge.

"Quite extended mention is made in the report of the meeting of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, together with a programme of the meeting in September, the exercises being of a character worthy of more than general note in the annals of the Institution.

"The enrollment during the present term amounts to 435; boys 229, girls 206. There are sixty new pupils, the majority of them not having been in an institution before. The whole number under instruction for the year ending November 15, was 513, of whom 24 graduated in June.

"Delay in the completion of the shop building has delayed matters in the Mechanical Department, but a more perfect organization will be effected when this is completed. The Superintendent gives some very valuable information in regard to how this department of the school should be conducted, especially as regards the grade of pupils to be admitted. The subject of the shops, printing office, etc., is an interesting one, as indicated by the report, and is worthy of quite extensive study by practical minds, in order that the greatest good may come out of it.

The work of the bindery is discussed at length. He thinks it ought to employ a greater number of pupils with its increased work. It is largely piece work, and necessarily becomes monotonous and tiresome to the pupils. The time is too short to learn a trade which has so many branches and in which perfection is so slowly reached. The bindery is considered important, as it is the only one of the trades open to the girls. An idea is suggested in this connection with a view to more system. The tailoring trade is suggested in the mechanical department, in order that the girls may have a better chance and more equal footing with the boys.

"The entire expenditures for the year ending November 15, have been: Current expenses, $62,262. 93; salaries, $20,051; repairs, $3,569.52; heating, $406.69; inside painting, $485 21; Trustees' expenses, $221.24; printing office, $1,258.43. Total $88.255.02.

"The average expense for each of the 431 pupils has been $204,77, higher than the figures of the preceding year, but low as could be expected with prevailing prices, and less than the average of the reports since 1868. It is expected during the fiscal year just opening, with full school and enhanced cost of living, the outlay will be necessarily as large if not larger than last year. The expenditures in this direction have risen about 20 per cent, and this increase has been general throughout the community. In view of this increased cost of living, it is suggested that all who are subject to the increased cost of living should have their salaries restored at least to the amount allowed by law previous to 1878.

"A careful estimate of the expenditures necessary for the coming year includes the following claims and amounts: Current expenses, $60,000 salaries, $21,000; ordinary repairs, 5,000; steam heating, $600; inside painting, $800; carpets, $300; furniture and repairing, $720; furniture and repairs in dining room and kitchen, $1,800; school room supplies, improvements and repairs, $1,500; supplies, shoe shop, $700; expenses printing office, $1,200; gravel and pavements, $400, lard, $200; horse, $180; conservatory, $200; Trustees' expenses, $350; Total, $98,950.

In concluding, the acting Superintendent says that he believes all connected with the Institution are actuated by earnest aspirations for its success, and that they are doing what they can to secure the benevolent end for which it was established."

A perfect scourge, the scarlet fever, is raging at the State Imbecile or Idiot Asylum. Sixty cases are reported, and four deaths to date. School there is practically closed, the teachers being pressed into service as nurses.

Joseph H. Reiniger, of Class 1880, was at the Institution over Sunday last. He was called to Columbus on business, to do a job of kalsomining, which, he says, will keep him here at least two weeks. A general conversation with him elicited the information that his father died at the old age of eighty-four, having never once used spectacles unto the day of his death.

Wm. Livingston, of the 2d Primary Class, has returned to school after a month of absence, on account of sickness with malaria.

Dr. A. G. Byers, Secretary of the State Board of Charities, and father of our teacher, Miss Annie Byers, we are happy to say, has recovered from his late illness as far as to be able to be about again.

Miss Carrie M. Feasley has been excused from the ragged edge of ill health by her physician, and made as happy as the morning lark.

The Board of Trustees has confirmed the appointments of R. P. McGregor as teacher in the First Academic Class, and Miss Mary R. Rose in the place of deceased Miss Woofter.

Mrs. James M. Park came back from Michigan last week, having been very successful in her mission thither, in a double sense—disposing her interests, and improving in health.

A contagious disease, known in the medical profession as Rœthlen or Dutch measles, spread rapidly at this Institution last week, for a few days, making some fifty cases at one time. It was not a serious matter, and lasted about forty-eight hours; though very disagreeable, it is never fatal.

John Fuchs, a deaf and dumb man of this city, according to the *Journal*, was found in a freight car near the depot late one night, last week, in a half-frozen condition. The patrol wagon was sent for, and he was marked for safe-keeping.

In his report to the Trustees, Acting-Supterintendent Talbott recommends the establisnment of a Home for Aged and Infirm Mutes, as suggested by the graduates at their late *Alumni* meeting.

After the meeting of our Board of Trustees was over, President Moss left at midnight, in his special car, for the East.

Ex-Superintendent Perry, in his correspondence to the JOURNAL of this city, under date of Nov. 11th, gives a graphic description of the attractions of Southern California, and a very good idea of the teeming products of El Montecito Valley, the latter being the immediate place of his residence.

Thursday, Nov. 23d, was an extraordinary day with the officers and teachers of the Institution. Almost every one smiled, and accelerated her or his gait into the Steward's office. It was pay-day. Those who did not do either, gave their reason, that they would the day after be again as poor as a church mouse.

Samuel C. Stebelton was called back to his work in Mr. Abbott's brick-yard, just as he was taking leave of Columbus for home. He says, however, he expects the cold weather will shut down all work soon.

The event of the week has been a railroad crash on the Pan Handle (east) route, at Lower Ramp Creek, twenty six miles out of Columbus. It took place between one and two o'clock Wednesday morning. No lives were lost, but several were severely injured, among them Frederick Burr, postal clerk and son of our Assistant Postmaster, Col. Raymond Burr, who lives at 270 Oak Street, just in the rear of the Institution.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

Jacob Tuttle on Deck.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I was very busy in the two cities of Ottawa and Streaton, Ill., all through September.

While in Ottawa, I had on enjoyable time, and met five deaf-mutes.

Mr. Teller, a fine tailor, works for his brother in a woolen furnishing house, and is an intelligent gentleman.

Miss Casseleman, a lively lady, lives with her mother. Her health is poor, but she appears to be a very intelligent and brilliant woman.

Miss A. Freeman is an Irish lady who works for her mother. I think she should learn a trade. She never went to a mute school.

On October 23d, Rev. Mr. Mann preached to the Rockford, Ill., mutes, in Emmanuel church.

Mr. Jockel, is a good mute tailor who works for his German father in a large dry goods store in Lake Mills, Wis. He seems to be a merry and industrious man.

Mr. and Mrs. Gould have a comfortable residence in Racine, Wis. Both are mutes. Mr. G. is a clever carriage trimmer, and works at Mitchell's Wagon Factory. He seems to be a nice young man, and his wife a lively and cheerful lady.

Miss Jennie White, of Racine, Wis., is an Irish woman and works in a milinery store at $3 per week. She is a strong and industrious woman.

Miss Groth, a German lady, of Racine, Wis., works in a leather factory, and is a very good and kind lady.

I was at Burlington, Wis., and met Mr. Kargles, a mute shoemaker, and Miss Ruider a German lady. I was very much pleased to talk with them.

I met Mr. Jacob Oeth at the American House not long since. I was surprised and delighted to see him, and he gave me some news from his home in Dubuque, Ia.

Mr. G. Levi, a fine Jew mute, works with his wealthy father in a large dry goods store in Dubuque, Ia. He expects to visit the Deaf-mute Institution at Council Bluffs, Ia., on December 25th.

I presented a few things to my father on his birthday in September. He lives at Pecatonica, Ill.

We sold a house and lot in Pecatonica in October. We will purchase a house and lot in Rockford, Ill., this year.

Mr. J. Sherman is an intelligent shoemaker, of Streator, Ill. He told me he is lonesome without deaf-mute society.

While in Lena, Ill., last October, I called on Mr. Reiter, a fine shoemaker, who has a good shop, Mr. Reiter attended the Jacksonville Reunion in September, and had a good time with his old classmates and friends. He is an excellent business man, and sharp at a trade.

I was in Dubuque, Ia., in October, and saw Mr. J. Shuttell's office. Mr. S. showed me the Chirophy Society, and the residences of four wealthy mute gentlemen. I had a pleasant time there.

Yours respectfully,
JACOB E. TUTTLE.
ROCKFORD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1882.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's Appointments.

Norwich, Conn., Christ Church, (evening),	Dec. 1st.
Boston, Mass., Church of the Good Shepherd, 12 noon (Holy Communion) and 3:30 P.M.	Dec. 3d.
Fitchburg, Mass., Christ Church (evening),	Dec. 4th.
Lowell, Mass, St. Ann's Church (evening),	Dec. 5th.
Boston, Mass.,	Dec. 6th.
Biddeford, Me., Christ Church (evening),	Dec. 7th.
Portland, Me., St. Luke's Cathedral (evening),	Dec. 8th.
Beverly, Mass., St. Peter's Church 10:30 A.M.	Dec. 10th.
Salem, Mass., St. Peter's Church 4 P.M.	Dec. 10th.
Beverly, New England Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes.	

NEW YORK.

EVACUATION DAY.

Ins and Outs of Gotham Town.

A DEAF-MUTE MARRIAGE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

"A nation's flag, a nation's flag—
It wickedly unrolled,
May foes in adverse battle drag
It's every fold from fold.
But, in the cause for liberty,
Guard it 'gainst earth and hell;
Guard it till death or victory—
Look you, you guard it well!
No saint or king has tomb so proud
As he whose flag becomes a shroud."

Last Saturday was the 99th Anniversary of Evacuation Day, but the day was not observed at all, except by veterans of the war of 1812, who are, alas, very few.

It may not be out of the way to say a few words of this day, which is the anniversary of the occurrence of one of the most important events in the history of our forefathers' struggle for independence.

During the war, and after the defeat of the Americans at what is known as the battle of Long Island, the British took possession of the city, and up to the close of the war, it remained a British stronghold.

On the signing of the "Treaty of Versailles," the British could not immediately leave the city, and it was agreed between Gen. Clinton and Gen. Washington that they should evacuate the city on November 25th. This, as history shows, was done.

The Americans intended to enter the city early on the morning of the 25th, but by another arrangement, the entrance was delayed till "high noon," to allow the British to embark.

It will be seen that during these seven long years the British occupied the city, there were several persons who clung to Washington and their country. "For, as the morning dawned," says the *Telegram*, "a patriotic boarding-house keeper hoisted an American flag above her house. This the provost Marshall heard of and went in person to cause it to be taken down. He entered the house and started to go up stairs, but he had not reckoned with the host. He was met by the housewife, who ordered him out, and as he did not at once obey, she vigorously used her broom upon the man of war, who was glad to retreat amid the jeers of the crowd that had assembled in the street.

"At noon the American forces marched into the city from Harlem Plains, with drums beating and colors flying. As the Americans entered, the British retreated and took barges at the Battery, in which they were conveyed to their transports anchored off Staten Island. In the afternoon there was a civic procession. It was headed by General Washington and Governor George Clinton, who were accompanied by their respective staffs and escorted by a body of Westchester light horse commanded by Captain Delavan. When the procession reached the battery, an artillery send off was given the British, whose ships were seen weighing anchor. In the evening, General Washington and Governor Clinton gave a banquet to the officers of the army at Fraunce's tavern, and the evacuation of the city was celebrated by fireworks and an illumination."

Thanksgiving Day is the only holiday for the workers between the Fourth of July and Christmas, and is hailed with delight by them. The bill of fare on this day is better than usual. The poor are more kindly looked upon than on other occasions. Thanksgiving Day is a glorious day for our newsboys and other street waifs, as on that day the Five Points Mission will spread out before them a Delmonico bill of fare, free of charge. Thanksgiving Day is becoming a universal holiday in the United States, as well as a day of prayer, people of all sects unite as one congregation in giving thanks to God. We hope this will reach the readers of the JOURNAL in time to aid digestion. May they enjoy the day and live to see many more such anniversaries.

Yesterday (Wednesday) Miss Nellie Lotridge was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. William H. Spink, at St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal Church. Miss Lotridge is a graduate of the Buffalo Institution, Mr. Spink, of the New York Institution.

Last Sunday, the offspring of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ekartd was baptized by Rev. Thomas Gallaudet in St. Ann's. The child will hereafter be known as Philip Harry Ekartd.

Monday evening, November 20th, was the birthday of John Heinzman. His friends celebrated the event by presenting him with valuable clock. The evening was spent pleasantly at Mr. Heinzman's residence by the members of the "German Club." Mr. Heinzman has struggled though this wicked world for thirty-four years, and may he continue to grace the circle of deaf-mutes in which he moves for another thirty-four.

The gentleman who lectured before the M. L. A. recently, on the "Siege of Troy," was *Frank B. Thompson*, not Clement Thomson.

The attendance at St. Ann's was quite large last Sunday, considering the condition of the streets—about six inches of beautiful (?) snow fell during the day, which, by the way, was by no means white five minutes after it had touched ground, as all New Yorkers know.

Recently a deaf-mute, a resident of Brooklyn, not unknown to fame, was leisurely sauntering down Fulton street, New York City, towards Fulton Ferry. As he gracefully treaded his way through the mud, the centre of admiration of all the young ladies on the street, for he is the possessor of a magnificent mustache and a napoleonic head of curly hair, he espied "A. Cheat, Auctioneer," painted on a red flag suspended from the door of a cigar store.

"Here's luck," joyfully exclaimed G., for his supply of the weed was about exhausted, and he thought he saw a good chance to invest at a small cost.

So he entered the store, which by the way was pretty well crowded. The auctioneer was yelling "fifty, fifty, fifty, sixty, sixty, going, going, go—" when he fastened his eagle eye on G. G. returned the stare, and thinking he recognized a friend, smiled. The auctioneer started up again with "Real imported havanas—Custom House seizure—going at sixty, seventy, did you say?" to G. G. being deaf, of course did not hear the inquiry, but seeing every on looking at him, nodded.

"Going at seventy," yelled the auctioneer, "seventy, seventy, seventy-five!" here, glancing at G., who smiled. "Eighty, eighty-going-going-gone. I congratulate you, sir, on having got the box at so low a price," said the auctioneer, shoving the box into the astonished G.'s arms. "Eighty cents, Please."

G., by this time, had recovered his senses, and began to gesticulate wildly to designate he was deaf, but the auctioneer having met with very little success during the day was determined to effect a sale, if possible, so he said:

"See here, young fellow, that's too gauzy, what did you price them for? The segars are yours, so hand over the cash."

G. by this time understood something was wrong, so, hauling out his pad, he scrawled, "What's the trouble? I am deaf."

The auctioneer replied: "Deaf be blessed, didn't I hear you pricing these cigars. They were knocked down to you for eighty cents. Take them, or I'll call a policeman."

G. was thoroughly frightened, and seeing how things stood, and as the segars offered looked like a good lot, he handed over the money.

Congratulating himself on having secured them so cheap, he took them home.

The same evening he sampled one. But let us draw the curtain here. He now keeps that box to give to the man that he hates.

The following was originally published in the Denver (Col.) *Tribune*:

A SWELL HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.

"One of the largest, and probably the most costly of the new houses in Washington is that which Mr. Hubbard, of Massachusetts, has lately purchased for his daughter, a beautiful woman, but a deaf-mute, who is the wife of Mr. Bell, of telephone fame. It was completed two years ago, but was never occupied until Mr. and Mrs. Bell moved in within a few weeks.

"It was built by Mr. Brodhead, a son-in-law of Storrs Willis, of New York, and brother-in-law of Lieut. Will Emory, who has a very handsome residence opposite the British Legation on Connecticut Avenue.

"The house Mr. Brodhead built, including the lot and stable, cost over $100,000 at a time when both labor and building material were far cheaper than now, and when finished he could not afford to live in it, and it has sold for less than cost. He gave the architect, Mr. Frazer, the same who built Senator Cameron's house, and is now building Mr. Blaine's, carte blanche as to the expense when building his, stipulating only that the house should be perfectly built and elegant in every appointment.

"The house and stable stand on a lot bounded by four streets—Fifteenth on the east, Rhode Island avenue on the north, N street on the south, and the street running between these two last, and fronting on Scott circle, on the west. Thus the house, which is on the next angle to that on which Senator Cameron's stands, is, and must always be, absolutely isolated. It has a conservatory on the south side, with walls of enamelled brick, claimed to be a revival of the lost art of enamelling brick, and to fully equal that of the brick in the tower of Pekin.

"Above this is an oratory; for Mrs. Brodhead, who hoped to live in the house herself, is a Catholic. This oratory, opening from the largest bedroom, has stained glass windows, illuminated in designs symbolical of tenets in the Catholic Church. The kitchen has walls of bright-colored tiles and wainscoting of Georgia pine.

"On the parlor floor are the dining room, pantry, billiard room, library, reception room, and parlor, with the conservatory opening from the library. On the opposite side is a porte cochere on Rhode Island avenue.

"The stable, which cost over $6,000, is as finely finished and ventilated as a dwelling house would be, and is considered the most perfect in this country. It has two rooms for two carriages and several horses. It is wainscoted in Georgia pine, and has a perfect system of lighting by electricity, so that a match need never be used in it. There is an elevator for bringing down hay and feed from the loft. Above each horse's trough is a wire network, which can be raised from the outside so as to introduce feed without going behind the horse or through the stable. There are closets for harness and carriage robes. Above are perfectly ventilated rooms for servants' quarters, including a bath room and closets, all heated by steam in winter." X.

IOWA ITEMS.

G. B. Marshall, of Darlington, Mo., is doing well. His son, of Lincoln, Neb., recently came to see him, and was very glad to see his father. They are shoemakers.

Addison Walker, a formerly pupil of the Indiana school, who used to live in Darlington, Mo., is now in St. Joseph. He is a good carpenter.

Wm. Shaul, formerly a pupil of the Illinois school, is now in Ellinson, Mo. He is running a molases machine, and has made 800 gallons during the last 3½ months. He is not yet married, His little brother, a mute, is going to school at Fulton, Mo.

Samuel Black, who used to live in Winterset, Ia., is now in Albany, Mo. He keeps a livery stable with his brother. He and wife were educated at the Iowa School.

I left Leon, Iowa, for Decatur, and met two deaf mute men. Their names are Splawn and Farmer. Mr. Farmer was educated at the Iowa School, at Council Bluffs. Mr. Splawn never went to any school, but his wife was a former pupil of the Missouri School. She taught him how to use the alphabet.

Mr. Wm. Heath is now in Decatur, Ia. He peddles notions. I recently visited him. I was very pleased with him.

The report in the *Advance* that Ben F. Marshall was married to Miss Lizzie Clingeswith, is a great mistake. He is not married. He is now busily husking corn.

Wm. French, a former pupil of the Indiana Institution, is now in Nauvoo, Ill. He peddles chromos. He and I went to the Iowa Penitentiary at Fort Madison, Ia., and we found a mute fellow. He says his name is McGee. He robbed a bank at Marshalltown, Ia., with Jesse James' gang, and was arrested. He will be out in August next. He said he attended the New York School.

Miss Lina Snooks is now in Fort Madison, and is an intelligent lady. It is rumored that she is going to marry Mr. O. W. Brown this year.

O. W. Brown, a former pupil of the Iowa Institution, lives in Pilot Grove, Ia. He is a good farmer.

Fred Davis and wife are now in West Point, Ia. They were educated at the Iowa School.

Charles Webb is now in Keokuk, Ia.

I took a small boat, and rode across the Mississippi River, and met Mr. Leory Anderson, and was exceedingly glad to see him. He was my schoolmate at Jacksonville, Ill. He works in a woollen factory at Warsaw, Ill., with his mute sister. He gets $1.25 per day, and his brother Rufus is now in Ashton, Mo., and makes good wages.

Miss Driskell, who was my classmate at Jacksonville, Ill., is married to Mr. John Tristler. They are a good couple, and live in Garden Grove, Ia.

An uneducated deaf-mute lives in Nauvoo, Ill.

Charles Matthews, a former pupil of the Iowa Institution, lives in New London, Ia. His wife is a speaking woman.

Wm. H. Probst, of Villisca, Ia., has been in Kansas all summer. He said he did not like the place. He has been visiting Mr. Jacob Long. The latter was educated at the Ohio Institution, and used to live in Villisca, Ia. He told Mr. Probst that he would come back to Iowa next Spring. They like Iowa very well.

I have been visiting several mutes in Adams and Adair Counties, Ia. Their names are Gideon Kepner and wife, his brother Andrew and wife, Albion Bates and wife, Ben J. Marshall and Lizzie Klingeswith.

Joseph Palmer has built a new dwelling house, and says he is proud of his nice house.

Gideon Kepner, of Mount Etna, Ia., is enjoying himself, and has plenty of work.

Albion Bates is very busy at plastering. He makes good wages.

It is sad news that Lizzie Klingeswith's mother is dead. She and her brother live together, and have no parents now. Mutes are welcome to come and see them at their home. Her brother is going to Washington Territory next January.

The mutes of Adams, Adair and Montgomery Counties, Ia., wants to have a new mute convention at Chicago, Ill., next Summer.

John J. Thompson, of Corning, Ia., is in good health, and is very busily working in a harness shop.

Louis Daniels, of Chicago, Ill., is coming to see John J. Thompson, at Corning, Ia., this year.

G. W. Marshall, of Lincoln, Neb., told a friend that a man came and visited him at his shoe shop, and said he wanted to sleep at his house. He was a poor man, but Marshall is a very proud man, and did not like to have such a fellow stay with him all night. He told him to go out to a hotel, but the man said he had no money. So Marshall told a policeman to take the man to a common hotel.

Mr. Russell Smith is now in Council Bluffs, Ia. He is always in company with Mr. Ritchie.

William Reiner, a former pupil of the Iowa School, is now in Council Bluffs, Ia. He is a good carpenter.

HAWKEYE TRAVELER.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Foot Ball Notes.

LITERARY EVENTS.

Items of Interest.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Foot-ball is still booming and the team is kept busy attending to the challenges that are being secured. On Wednesday they won their second victory in a practice game with the High School team of Washington. On the occasion, Messrs. Chickering and Angell played with the High School, who thus had thirteen men to the Kendall eleven, the teams and positions being

KENDALL.	POSITION.	HIGH SCHOOL.
Haas,	Forward.	Marks.
Fox,	Forward.	Martin.
Hanson,	Forward.	Marsh.
Smith,	Forward.	Wint.
Lyon,	Forward.	English.
———,	Forward.	Bright.
———,	Forward.	Hank.
Berg,	Quarter-back.	Taylor.
Lynch,	Half-back.	Angell.
Brookmire,	Half-back.	Chickering.
Davidson,	Half-back.	Little.
Johnson,	Back.	Fletcher.
Hasenstab,	Back.	Lattimore.
Goals,	Kendall 1.	High School 0.
Touch-downs,	" 1.	" 1.

However, to-day the High School won by two touch-downs to Kendall's 1.

The observance of

THANKSGIVING DAY

will be kept in various ways.

The lawn tennis club will occupy their time in a tournament with other Washington clubs. The tournament will be held on the College grounds, and promises to be an interesting affair. However, the foot-ball club expects to pass the day in Baltimore where they will probably play a match with the John Hopkins University Eleven. The Kendall uniform is now being prepared, and will consist of white canvas knickerbockers, canvas jackets of blue and white bars in alternate rows, blue stockings, and buff and blue caps. The caps indicate the positions of the players, the forwards having one deep bar of buff; the quarter-back, a blue tassel; the half-backs, three bars of buff, and the backs, two bars. It is expected that ere the season closes, Kendall will hold the championship of the South.

On Friday evening, the 17th inst., our

LITERARY SOCIETY

held another of its fortnightly meetings, and carried out a well prepared programme. The proceedings opened with an essay on "Hawthorne" by Mr. Haas, '84, which was succeeded by a lively debate on the question: Resolved, "That the execution of Charles I. was unjustifiable." For the affirmative, Messrs. Robinson, '84, and ——— argued, and Messrs. Allabough, '84, and ———, did likewise for the negative. The discussion was a very able one, both sides evincing a ready familiarity with the subject. Their arguments embraced a wide range of history, and in many instances were so effective as to leave the decision of the dispute very uncertain. By a special vote, the debators were allowed five minutes each over the usual time, and this being passed, the judges retired. After an absence of about five minutes, they returned and gave their verdict in favor of the affirmative. Messrs. Griffin, 83, and Davidson, '85, entertained the Society with a laughable dialogue entitled "Old Grads," in which they made several local hits which created much amusements at the cost of the parties referred to. The concluding event of the programme was an ably rendered declamation, entitled "The Poor Man's Vote," delivered by Mr. Hasenstab, '85.

BRIEFS.

The Sophmores have their trigonometrical examination this morning.

Friday was the coldest day we have experienced this season.

Painters are at work on the residences on Faculty Row.

There will probably be a grand lawn tennis tournament on the Green on Thanksgiving Day.

The Kendall and Columbia College Eleven will play a game of foot-ball next Wednesday, the 29th.

Members of '87 are having their gymnasium uniforms made, the rule being that none but uniformed students can take part in the gymnasium drill.

Walter Bingham, of North Carolina, on his way to New York, stopped at the College on Friday last, and called on his friends. He appeared to enjoy the visit.

The employes of the Institution are collecting subscriptions to purchase a large crayon-portrait of Miss Pratt, the work of our rising young artist, Mr. Bryant.

The Garfield Fair opened in the Capital this afternoon, and will continue for a week. It promises to be a great affair, and to be well-patronized. Most of the students will visit it, and many will probably be accompanied by fair companions.

LESTER MONTROSE.
KENDALL GREEN, Nov. 25, 1882.

O Kinsman
Care Browne &
Sharpe Mfg Co
PROVIDENCE R I

FANWOOD.

Notes of the Last Week of November.

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

And not Much of Anything.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Miss Rintoul, a teacher of Articulation, is installed in apartments at the Institution.

Mrs. Henry, our new Head Matron, takes hold of her duties with a vim born of experience. A noticeable improvement in household affairs is already apparent. Mrs. Henry was formerly connected with the Augusta, Ga., Female Seminary.

One of our most advanced young ladies fell down a flight of stairs last week, and sustained several bruises. No serious results followed.

That prospective "blow out" on Thanksgiving is engrossing the youthful mind just now. "Will there be enough?" is the only speck on the horizon. We think there will.

The boys are becoming skilled in the new system of drill inaugurated not long since. The parade on Wednesday last was creditably gone through with.

The friends of Miss Effie Hitchcock, of Flint, Mich., would be pleased to hear from her occasionally through the columns of the JOURNAL.

Austin Sinclair returned to school last week, and is now pounding pegs in the shoe shop.

The kitchen, which received such a blow by the departure of Mr. Coon, is again smiling. A new man wields the sceptre.

A model farm will be laid out on one of the long dining hall tables on Thanksgiving. It is expected to surpass the one we had two years ago.

There was held no social reunion Saturday evening last, notwithstanding that it was the regular date. It was deemed advisable to postpone it until this evening.

Emily Wells, an exceedingly accomplished member of the High Class, is making rapid strides in the seductive art of drawing.

Miss Prudence Lewis thinks some of spending part of the Christmas holidays with Pennsylvania friends.

It will not be Miss Hagadorn's fault if the masquerade on Washington's Birthday does not outshine all preceding affairs of the kind.

Of all the High Class girls, Mamie Weyant is perhaps the most fond of reading. What is still more commendable, she shows excellent taste and judgment in her selections of literature.

Miss Barrager takes the palm among the lady officers for love of outdoor exercise. At nearly all hours during the day, when off duty, she may be seen enjoying the invigorating November breezes.

Like Mr. W. F. Howell, Charles W. Stowell was born for a supervisor. He ariseth in the morning and girdeth around him the armor of authority, and reduceth the mischievous urchin to a state of nowhereness by a simple wave of his magical hand.

Anthony Capelli's soul is kicking against its bars with glee. His papa returns from California in a couple of months.

Walter L Bingham arrived in this city Friday last, and visited the Institution the following day. On his way here, he stopped at the National Deaf-Mute College in Washington, and was much pleased with what he saw. He says the students, as a rule, are a brawny set of fellows and show to good advantage when in gymnasium or foot ball attire. Walter will remain in the city a couple of months to receive medical treatment for his eyes, which are in a bad condition. If they improve during that time, he will return to school. In the meantime, he will probably visit us frequently.

Marbles, in a chalked ring on the sitting room floor, amuse some of the boys of evenings.

James Stratton was away all of last week helping his parents move to Paskack, N. J.

Ex-supervisor Sloat writes that he is much pleased with his place in Washington, N. J.

We omitted to mention in our last communication in connection with the bestowal of birthday gifts on the Misses Rhoades and Lewis, that the addresses were written by Miss Annie Bryan, a semi-mute member of the High Class. We mention this is justice to the young lady, and to dispel certain insinuations arising from our negligence. And furthermore we wish it distinctly understood that it is beyond the power of a reporter to please everybody, however much disposed he may be to do so.

Philip D-
Ackerman, he
Is in the hospital with a sprained knee,
Under the care of Doctor P.

Thirty-one boys are employed in the printing office. This is the largest number ever learning the trade at one time in the history of the office.

Assistant steward W. S. Crittenden left Wednesday afternoon for Hartford, Ct., to spend Thanksgiving with old friends. He will return Friday.

Baker Beatty is probably the most busy man about the Institution just at present. Pile upon pile of mince pies, etc., are in his oven, and pile upon pile is to follow.

A great many of the boys expect to attend the Levee in December. Coppers are being slyly slipped into penny savings banks with that object in view.

Francis Crorken obtained permission to visit city friends from the 18th to the 20th insts., and has not yet returned.

John R. Becker, becoming tired of learning in the printing office, "formally resigned" a couple of weeks ago, and has embraced the bakery business.

Cora Moon's pleasant face suddenly appeared among the girls a few days ago. Her vacation was r-a-t-h-e-r prolonged.

Joseph D. Lever is expected to put in an appearance soon, according to a friend who is in occasional communication with him by letter.

The position of clerk, vacated by Mr. Roadstrand about a month ago, has been filled by a Mr. Randall.

Prof. Gamage, who has been under the treatment of Dr. Agnew, the celebrated oculist, reports the cure of the eye which has given him considerable trouble for a long time.

Steward Brainerd is always fond of a joke, and rarely lets the opportunity to crack one pass unnoticed. Saturday last, while at dinner, the conversation turning upon State prisons, etc., he horrified the lady officers with the grave announcement that he had served eight months on Blackwell's Island. Looks of surprise not unmingled with disgust flickered over the faces of his female listeners. After giving them time to digest this bit of information, in a serio-comic voice, which to be fully appreciated should have been heard, drawled out, "In the capacity of mason." Mr. B. worked as a mason previous to his becoming Steward, and this accounts in great measure for the admirable manner in which the buildings and grounds are kept.

The father of Engineer Banks was up here recently making experiments with a bread cutter, with the object in view of obtaining a patent for an improvement.

Engineer Banks has recently patented a steam trap, which forces water in and out of steam pipes used for heating buildings. Mr. Banks has been engaged upon the invention for about three years, and it promises to be remunerative in a money point of view.

Ex-clerk Roadstrand braved the severe snow-storm Sunday last, and made us a pleasant call. We saw his towering form fade away in a snowbank at 11 o'clock.

The scent of "Durham's best" proclaimed the near proximity of Julius Lang on the 26th inst.

Mollie Sanford has been quite sick during the past week. Her mother was notified and remained at the Institution three or four days nursing her. Mollie is now rapidly recovering.

Alex. L. Pach bobbled in covered with snow Sunday noon. He was, as usual, overflowing with photograph lore. The storm continuing all the afternoon and evening, Alex concluded to remain over night.

Julius Wilken was our guest Sunday. He is employed in the Goodyear Rubber Co's Works, on Staten Island. His father works in the same place.

Friday last, Mr. Townsend visited the school room of Prof. Jones. He was accompanied by his two charming daughters. James H. Caton printed on his type-writer the following address of welcome:

"We have the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Townsend, one of the Directors of this Institution, accompanied by his two daughters. I lose a great deal of pleasure in not being able to see their faces. I suppose that they are very beautiful. We are always glad to see those who have an interest in the welfare of deaf-mutes. We owe our gratitude to God for having made some gentlemen think kindly of the poor, uneducated deaf-mutes, and build a school for them. Therefore this Institution is a great blessing to us. When I first found myself deprived of my sight, I thought that I should never be happy again; but in my case, God has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, and now I find myself enjoying life in spite of my great affliction."

"When Greek meets Greek, etc.," was aptly illustrated Saturday last, when George Porter beat a Chatham Street Jew down from $3 to $1.75 for a pair of shoes. The shoes were worth the price, too. George's weather eye is always open for a bargain.

A few of the boys witnessed the Evacution Day ceremonies on the Battery Saturday last.

At present, Geo. S. Porter and Anthony Capelli are playing for the chess championship of the Institution. A. L. Thomas will challenge the winner.

Five dollars was paid for the new Rugby foot ball by the boys.

CHIP.

Written for the JOURNAL.

Sonnet.

In foolish error I from home did stray,
Thinking "Arcadia" I would wander o'er
In quest of love—Love that should have the power
To fill my heart with all-embracing sway.
Here and there I sought love day by day,
Beseeching hands I held at every door,
Asking for one sign of love—nothing more;
But all with scoffing hatred turned away.
And still I wandered o'er the weary ground
In search of love—but love I never found.
Hopeless and sad at last I homeward turned
And they didst meet me—and their eyes' soft glance,
My longing heart with rapture did entrance,
And there I found the love for which I yearned.

LILLIAN ROTHMER.

October, 1881.

COUNT RUMFORD.

Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford, was born March 26, 1753 at, Woburn, Massachusetts. While very young he studied astronomy and mechanics and was very ingenious with tools. When he was sixteen years old he became a clerk in a merchant's office. The troubles with England which resulted in our Revolution commenced when Thompson was a boy. England began by taxing the Americans without their consent, and one of the methods of taxation was the Stamp Act—paper, and a great many things had to bear a stamp in order to be legally sold. The Americans were indignant, and complained so much that England repealed the Act. The citizens of Salem, (where Thompson then lived) determined to celebrate the event by a pyrotechnical display, and Thompson undertook to manufacture a quantity of fireworks for the occasion. The consequence was that there was an explosion, and he was serious injured and confined to the house for several weeks. When he recovered, he returned to his desk in the merchant's office for a short time, but in consequence of the troubles with England, which grew worse every day, he was soon discharged, and turned teacher. He taught in several places, and, in 1770, was intrusted with the charge of the Academy at Rumford, now called Concord. While there, he fell in love with a widow, Mrs. Rolfe, and in spite of the fact that she was considerably his senior, married her in 1772. The widow had a fortune, and Thompson proceeded to enjoy it. His affable manners and cultivated mind made him a great favorite in society, and enabled him to become acquainted with the most prominent men. Among them was Governor Wentworth, who gave him a major's commission in the militia, thus promoting him over the head of a great many other officers. The officers were indignant, and raised the cry that Thompson was a Tory, and although the latter demanded a trial, it was of no use, the court refused to exonerate him from blame or give him a full acquittal. He came near being tarred and feathered several times, and after remaining a while in the American camp before Boston, he saw that the struggle was hopeless, and that he could not convince his countrymen that he was not a traitor, and so converted his property into cash, paid off his debts, and about October 10th, 1775. left Cambridge. Henceforth until the close of the Revolution, his friends were without any positive information concerning him. He shipped on board of an English vessel at Newport, under the impression that he was going to some foreign port, but he went to Boston, where Thompson remained during the whole siege, though there is said to be no proof of his having served against the Americans. At the close of the siege, his friend, the English commander-in-chief, sent him to England as bearer of dispatches to the English Minister, Lord George Germaine, who gave him employment, and took such a fancy to him that he obtained a commission for him in a regiment composed mostly of American tories. In a short time, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and sailed for America, but as the war was over, he soon returned to Europe, and made a tour of Germany. He resigned his commission in the English army, and entered the services of the king of Bavaria in 1784. The English government marked its sense of the services he had rendered by conferring on him the honor of knighthood, and allowing him army half pay for life, while the Bavarian king at once made him one of his aids-de-camp and chamberlains.

Thompson at once set about regenerating the army, which through neglect and abuse had sunk to a low condition. He very soon had it in a high state of discipline, and the king was so much pleased that he promoted him to the Council of State, and made him a major-general in the army. The scientific men of Bavaria honored him by admitting him as a member of the two Academies of Munich and Manheim. A brief account of the honors conferred on him in Germany may not be out of place here. In 1787, he was elected a member of the Academy of Science at Berlin; he was (in Bavaria) elevated to the rank of commander-in-chief of the general staff, minister of war, and superintendent of police of the kingdom; he was for a time chief of the regency that exercised sovereignty in the absence of the king, and was created Count of the Holy Roman Empire. At his own request, the title conferred on him was taken from the name of the town where his wife used to live, and he became Count of Rumford.

At this time Bavaria swarmed with beggars. Having reformed the army, Rumford turned his attention to the beggars. He caused all the beggars in Munich to be arrested, and after telling them that begging in the streets would be allowed no longer, allowed them to go on promising to be at a certain place at a certain time. Of course he took precautions to make them keep their word. When the time arrived he set them to work, and although they grumbled a great deal at first, they ended by making a perfect idol of him. Rumford's career in Bavaria was that of a beneficial prince. Nothing was too small or too great for him to undertake. He improved the breed of horses and cattle, which previously was very poor, and while on a visit to London taught the Londoners how to prevent their chimneys smoking.

In 1796, all Europe was in an uproar; and the king (at that time Elector) of Bavaria was at his wits end to know what to do, and thought of abandoning his capital. Rumford was in Ireland on a visit at the time, but on hearing this returned in a hurry and endeavored to infuse a little courage into the poor little king. He was successful for a time, but in the end the king ran away, leaving Rumford in command. Rumford improved his advantages so well that when the Austrians arrived to take possession of Munich they found it so well fortified that after blustering a little they withdrew, and the neutrality of the Bavarian capital was maintained. The people and king were delighted and conferred fresh honors on Rumford. His health failing, he set out on a tour through Germany, Italy, Switzerland, France and England, and his enemies took advantage of his absence to prejudice the new Bavarian king (his old friend having died) against him, so he did not return to Bavaria in an official capacity. While in France, having lost his first wife, he married another widow, Madam Lavoiscer.

By marriage and otherwise he was possessor of an ample fortune, and henceforth devoted himself to scientific pursuits. One of his papers published in "The Transactions of the Royal Society" was on gunpowder, and the conclusions he arrived at were highly important to artillery men, miners and others who use powder. These conclusions were new, and immediately became the basis of practical calculation which are acted upon to the present day. He also turned his attention to light, and while making experiments constructed a lamp of a novel kind, the light from which was so intense that the workman who illuminated it for the first time, could not find his way home at night, in consequence of the blindness produced by its extreme brilliancy. The above are a few of the benefits conferred upon mankind by Count Rumford. He also greatly beautified Munich. In the immediate vicinity of Munich, is a beautiful ornamented park, with artificial lakes and mountains, and a great variety of splendid trees and flowers. It is a place of recreation, and free to the public who roam there, and enjoy the fresh breeze and fine scenery. Thompson caused this park to be made. The people were so delighted that they raised a monument to Rumford's memory. On one side is an inscription in regard to the laying out of the park and on the other is the following:

"To him who rooted out the greatest of public evils, idleness and mendacity, relieved and instructed the poor, and founded many Institutions for the education of youth. Go, wanderer, and strive to equal him in genius and activity, and us in gratitude."

Rumford died August 21st, 1814.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

BY STELLA.

Gracie Homes was returning from school, when she saw a horse and carriage in front of her home.

"O girls, do see! we have company." With these words she ran down street at full speed; and in a few moments more had exchanged greetings with old Uncle Johnnie, a great favorite among the children, on account of his excellent stories. There is still another one to be greeted; but how silent! No sound is heard, save a merry laugh, in which Gracie joined heartily. You will not wonder that she laughs, when I tell you that Angie has come to spend a few weeks at her home, for well she knows that her entire family of dolls will be repaired and dressed, and she can recall many happy evenings around the fireside, which were made more cheerful by her presence.

But I must tell you something about her. Angie's first home was in the West. When quite a little girl she had scarlet fever; for many days and nights, life and death waged a fearful contest; but when the security of their little one seemed to dawn upon the fond parents, they discovered that she was deaf. Think what a misfortune! Her prattle must soon stop; for, strange as it may seem, when the hearing is gone, one soon forgets to talk. After a few years, Angie's father died, and her mother was advised by friends to return to her relatives. But it does seem to us sometimes that some have more than their share of affliction in this life, so it seemed in Angie's case; for a few years after she returned with her mother to Ohio, she was attacked with scrofula. Again it appeared that the death angel was near; but what patience! She would submit to the daily dressing with a murmur, while the tears would fall like rain. But a cure was prescribed, which seemed like mockery, but was successful. How eagerly did this poor sufferer apply, and watch that remedy? How she smiled when she discovered the slightest symptoms for the better, although so reduced was she by wasting disease that her recovery was very slow. How she enjoyed looking over her books, and tried the alphabet, so long unthought of! As soon as well enough she busily prepared for school. The trunk was at last packed, and Angie was really bound for the train, and would soon be on her way to Columbus.

Here Angie spent four years, and her health failed, and she was obliged to return home. She hoped to return, but was not well for a long time, and never finished her course.

If the boys and girls of our "*Advocate* family" could look into the sitting-room the morning after her arrival at Grace Homes', they would have seen a bright, happy face, as busy over the work-basket as any one could be, either clearing it up or darning the stockings; for she is never happy unless employed. If any thing about the house is lost, she drops her own work and joins in the search; when it is found she evinces her joy with a smile and bow, then returns to her work, as if nothing had happened.

You need not wonder that Grace kissed her silent visitor, and patted her cheek so fondly, for there were rolls of bright pieces to be looked over. One great pleasure was to get the children's Bible, and find the illuminated page upon which the Lord's Prayer was written, and see her say it. Indeed, I have often thought her devotion a reproof to the old as well as the young.

Place your hand upon your ears, and see if you can estimate your hearing. Let a prayer of gratitude fill your heart for all these blessings, of which some are deprived.—*Ex.*

Childhood—Its influence upon us in After Years.

How dear to most of us are the scenes of our youth as we recall them through the vista of vanished years. The cot, where we were born, the hills that bounded our home, and over which we saw the sun rise for the first time, the brook that ran babbling through our native vale, the green sloping turf before the door, the violet covered knolls, the elms that threw their shadow in the early autumn far over the housetops and down into the meadow beyond the rose-bush that shaded our best room window and almost touched the low eaves where the swallows clung and brooded, the old well with its mossy bucket and extended sweep, the orchard, the foot path that wandered to the spring, the stile, the lane, the dusty road that led down to the school house—

"The schoolboy spot,
We ne'er forget tho' there we are forgot."

We recall as if it were but yesterday the sports and joys of childhood. How long the summer days seemed, how bright the skies, how green the fields! Life of itself seemed to dance and play; the blood in our veins seemed keeping time to the measure of some happy tune, and the future fair opening beyond was begirt with rainbow hues, and enameled with green and flowing pathways! Is there one to whom the recollection of those early day does not bring back by association something of its happiness, one whose past has been embittered that he would have it blotted from his memory, one to whom the far away does not rather seem an oasis in the desert where fountains played, trees waved, flowers bloomed and birds of song and beauty clustered.

Is there *one* person who has no such summer landscape to which he can turn when the storm of Life's winter surrounded him—a green and sunny spot which seems smilingly to beckon him to retrace his steps and go out of life by the golden gate of childhood! Alas! we know there are those who cannot look back upon the past with pleasure or look forward to the future with hope, unfortunate in their birth and early training, and consequently unhappy through the whole course of existence. If, then, the unforgotten past, whether joyous or miserable, is ever recurring to our minds never to fade, so that even old age prattles of its infancy, and fond recollection presents the spring time of our years in all their freshness, though the snows of many winters whiten the sunny locks and dim the bright eyes, and palsy the outer sense, how vast must be its influence in moulding our dispositions and making us what we are.

It has been well said that the fireside is the seminary of greatest importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are a few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the heart. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the maturer but less vivid productions of after days. Colleges and seminaries can do much in fashioning the superstructure which time rear.; but the home and the fireside lay deep and broad the foundation of character outlasting all.

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever memory and beauty blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which brighten with serener halo that day's glimmer we call Life, radiate from the God-swept ends of the hearth stone. Blessed memories! Halcyon days!—never to return, but also *never* to *fade*!

"Childhood can never die,
Tricks of the past,
Float on the memory,
E'en to the last.

"Many a happy thing,
Many a dal-sed spring
Flow on Time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.

"Childhood can never die,
What tho' the years pass by,
Wrecks of our Infancy
Live on for eye!"

Learn to Walk Alone.

This world's a riddle hard to solve,
A puzzle hard to read;
And they who find Life's path all bright
Are precious few, indeed.

Yet don't despair, though Fortune frown,
Nor murmur at your fate;
Your aim in life by earnest toil
You'll sure win soon or late.

But walk upon your own feet, friend,
Nor trust in others' strength
To carry or to pull you up
Life's hill of weary length.

If e'er you hope to "make your mark,"
Or let your worth be known,
Take all the props from under you,
And learn to walk alone.

Men! who depend on borrowed gold
To brighten up your name,
And plead you must make such display
Your future wealth to gain,

Beware! "Pay as you go" is best,
Debt is an ugly foe;
You can not tell what hour the fiend
Will strike a fatal blow.

Sons! stand without your father's aid;
Upon yourselves rely;
Rich fruitage in the future lies;
You'll win it if you try.

Know that the "solid man" is he
(In high or bumble home)
Who has no props to lean upon,
But walks along alone.

Household Science

Sand-paper is an excellent polisher for flat-iron, and it removes all starch and roughness.

One ounce of quicklime dissolved in water will soften two barrels of ordinary hard water.

Two prevent butter from sticking to the hands, wash first in strong suds, rub them in salt, then in cold suds, and last, in clear cold water.

To clarify drippings: Heat almost boiling hot, then turn into a pailful of boiling hot water, stir up well. When the cold fat can be taken off the top. In this way bacon fat or ham fat can be made as sweet as fresh lard, but it takes a lot of hot water.

A sure preventive against moths is to pour strong alum water on the floor half a yard around the edges before laying the carpets, and once or twice during the season sprinkle dry salt over the carpet before sweeping. Sufficient will adhere to prevent insects from alighting.

The best way to prepare a new iron kettle for use is to fill it with clean potato peelings, boil them for an hour or more, then wash the kittle with hot water, wipe it dry, and rub with a little lard; repeat the rubbing for a half dozen times after using. In this way you will prevent rust and all the annoyances liable to occur in the use of a new kettle.

To prepare butter tubs for use: Scald with clear water; put three or four quarts of salt in the tub, then fill full with boiling water, putting the cover on tight, shaking once in a while to stir up the salt, and let it set a few days until wanted for use. Burn a little brimstone in the tub after the brine is out. Fill the tub within three or four inches of the top. Keep strong brine on top the butter all the time.

To make boots and shoes waterproof: Melt in an earthern vessel, over a slow fire, half a pint of linseed oil, one ounce of bees-wax, half-an ounce of rosin, and one ounce oil of turpentine. If new boots or shoes are saturated with the mixture, and left to hang in a warm place for a week or ten days, they will be not only waterproof, but the leather will be soft and pliable. The soles may be rendered waterproof by applying a coat of gum-copal varnish to them, and repeating it until the pores of the leather are filled.

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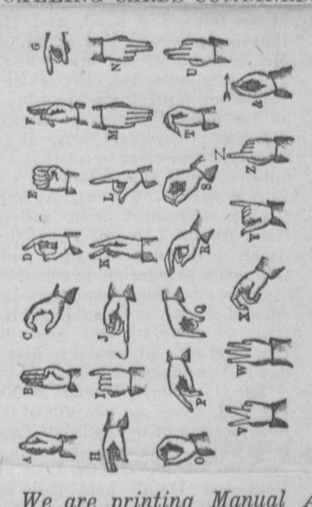
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